NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII. NO. 1 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1877 SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 1 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

FALLS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

Among the most effective illustrations of the downward career of those who have begun the course of dissipation or sin is that of the poor man who, with his boat, has entered the rapids above a fall or the outward circles of a whirlpool. At first, the gliding, quiet sensation is pleasurable, and the idea of danger but gives a spice of adventure to the situation. Perchance he gives a few tugs at the oars, just to show how easily he could escape from the current's influence, and then lazily allows himself to be drawn in nearer to the margin of the falls or the whirlpool's vortex. There may be friends of his on the shore who cheer him and evince signs of enjoyment at his daring, and there is sure to be some one—perhaps a mother, a wife, children or other loved one—who too plainly sees his danger, and cries to him words of warning or entreats him, for their sakes and his own, to beware of and flee from the danger. If wise, he listens and heeds.

But his is not the only boat in the roughening waters. All around on every side of him are hundreds of others idly floating down the stream or in the giddy circle, and he may point to them and say, "Am I not as safe as they?" Perhaps not. He has already passed and is descending faster than that slow moss-covered vessel almost without life, but a respectable looking craft nevertheless, with a well-to-do occupant. Strange to say, he always looks up the stream to those he has passed and compares his situation to theirs. Perhaps now and then a glance is thrown at the many vessels rapidly disappearing from sight, and are overwhelmed in the seething waters, but it is only a glance; the scene is too sickening to dwell on for even an instant.

But his own pace is visibly increasing, and even his most zealous friends recognize his danger. They call to him, but he laughs at them and pushes his boat a little nearer the edge. They call louder, and he becomes angry; what must they think of him to entertain such fears? Do they mean to associate him with men of disreputable character. But faster and faster he goes. The very pace makes him giddy, and he has neither will nor ability to grasp the means of rescue thrown to his aid. His speed is terrific, and he is on the very brink of destruction. Does he see his danger and his fate? Perhaps he does, perhaps not. Now one shrill scream pierces the air, and he is lost. But his despairing wail does not appear to reach beyond the narrow circle of those giddy ones who immediately follow, and those far out on the smoother water are too much engaged with their own affairs to notice his descent. Thus day by day, year by year, perish many of the best and noblest of our land, who tempted by the outward attractions of sin pause not till drawn to eternal ruin.

CHAUDIERE FALLS, OTTAWA (SUMMER.)

CHAUDIERE FALLS, OTTAWA (WINTER.)

THE TESTAMENT VS. THE PISTOL.

A good idea was that of the man converted in Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, mentioned at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting: After he got out he carried about with him a Testament where he had formerly carried a pistol, and he found the Testament the better defence of the two. We recommend his example to all who carry pistols for the following reasons:

1. If a man gets angry, and lays his hand on his weapon, the pistol may kill his opponent and involve himself in endless trouble—perhaps imprisonment for life, whereas, if he pulls out his Testament, both his own wrath and that of his opponent will evaporate at the sight of it.

2. If his children find his pistol they may very likely shoot themselves or some one else with it, whereas if they find his Testament they can do no harm with it, but his example in carrying it may do them great good.

3. A pistol is costly, to begin with, and needs, from time to time, supplies of powder and balls, as well as the trouble of loading it. The New Testament is very cheap, always charged, and ready to fire off at any mark, and its chambers are never exhausted.

4. A pistol is as far removed as possible from being a light to the feet and a lamp to the path. The Testament is both.

In these and many other respects the Testament has clearly an infinite superiority to the pistol, and it should be the choice of all sensible men for a pocket-companion. There are many who are never without it, who make it the man of their counsel, and who regularly use its ammunition.

Reader, which would you choose for the teacher of your children, or the husband of your daughter, or the executor of your will—the man with a pistol in his pocket or the man with the Testament?—*N. Y. Witness*

THE DEVIL'S FOUR SERVANTS.

The devil has a great many servants, and they are all busy, active ones. They ride in the rail way trains, they sail on the steamboats, they swarm along the highways of the country and the thoroughfares of the cities; they do business in the busy marts, they enter houses and break open shops; they are everywhere, and in all places. Some are so vile-looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust; but some are so sociable, insinuating.

Here are their names:

"THERE IS NO DANGER." That is one.

"ONLY THIS ONCE." That is another.

"EVERYBODY DOES SO." That is the third.

"BY-AND-BY." That is the fourth.

When tempted from the path of strict rectitude, and "There's no danger" urges you on, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." When tempted to give the Sunday up to pleasure, or to do a little labor in the workshop or the counting-room, and "Only this once," or "Every body does so," whispers at your elbow, do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel. If the Holy Spirit has fastened upon your conscience the solemn warnings of a faithful teacher or friend, and brought to mind a tender mother's prayers for your conversion, do not let "By-and-by" steal away your confidence, and, by persuading you to put away serious things, rob you of your life. All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive you and cheat your soul of heaven. "Behold!" says God, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He has no promise for "By-and-by."—*Christian at Work.*

LOSS A GAIN.—How often has obedience to the Word of God been set aside, and spiritual labors viewed even with contempt in comparison with money-getting; and the neglect of God's true service been vainly warranted by false use of Scripture, in order to justify this world-pursuit. How suitable it is that those who have their portion in this life should sweat, fume, worry, and contrive to make both ends meet, or complete their luxuries, as the case may be, and seek their chief delight in things which perish in the using; but for sons of God to spend their time like this almost exclusively is certainly a mocking shadow chase; and those who have been most successful in this vain strife for earthly honors, will see the fire curl around their splendor and utterly consume their wood, and hay, and stubble, whilst those who counted godliness with contentment the real gain, shall, through all eternity, their riches reap. What a blessed thing it is for some children of God when they are "ruined," for to be ruined according to "man's speech," and to lose every pound even, which gives a standing in the world, is often the means of teaching Christians where their fortune really is, and what true riches really are; and gives a gracious opportunity for that heavely Father, who ever seeks His children's greatest wealth, to manifest His care to succour and sustain.—*Word and Work.*

Temperance Department.

PRACTICE *VERSUS* PREACHING.

"Mother, how much tobacco does it take to make a sermon?"

"What do you mean, my son?"

"Why, I mean how much tobacco does father chew, and how many cigars does he smoke, while he is making a sermon?"

"Well, the tobacco and cigars don't make the sermons, do they?"

"I don't know but they do—they help along, at any rate; for I heard father tell Mr. Morris, the minister who preached for him last Sunday, that 'he could never write well without a good cigar.' So I thought maybe the tobacco makes the sermons, or the best part of them."

"My son, I am shocked to hear you talk so!"

"Well, mother, I was only telling what father said, and it made me think. He said a prime cigar was a great solace (whatever that is); and he said, besides, it drove away the blues—put him into a happy frame of mind, and simulated or stimulated his brain, so he could work better. I suppose stimulate means to make one think easier; and I've been thinking, mother. if I had something to stimulate my brain, I could study better; and the next time I have one of those knotty questions in arithmetic to work out, I will get a cigar, and see if it won't help me along. You know you often tell me if I follow my father's example, I will not go very far astray; and now I would like a few cigars, to make my brain work well, so that I can stand at the head of my class."

"I hope I shall never see my son with a cigar in his mouth; it would be his first step to ruin!"

"You don't think father is ruined, do you? and he has taken a good many steps since he has taken the first cigar?"

"I think, my son, your father would be better without cigars, or tobacco in any shape; but he formed the habit when he was young, and now it is hard to break off."

"I heard him say that in the parlor, not long ago. There is old Tom Jenkins, who gets tight every day. I suppose he would find it rather hard to leave off drinking whiskey, But father says 'it is no excuse for a man, when he gets drunk, to say he is in the habit or getting drunk.' He says, it only needs resolution and moral courage to break off bad habits."

"But, my, son, smoking tobacco is not quite drinking whiskey and getting drunk."

"No, I know that, mother; but I was going on to say that, if smoking was a bad habit, father would have given it up long ago. But I don't believe smoking is any harm; and it does some folks a great deal of good. You know how nervous and fidgety father gets when he has to go a day without any cigars; and, besides, he could not write his sermons without them. I am sure, if he could write as well and do as much good without using tobacco, he would not spend so much for it. When I want to buy a little candy, or a bit of spruce gum, father tells me I had better practice the grace of self-denial and save my money for the missionary box. Besides, he says such stuff is not good for me; it will spoil my teeth and ruin my health. Now I am quite certain that father would not spend so much money—more than I ever spent in my whole life, for candy, gum, clothes, and everything else—if he did not believe tobacco was a real benefit to himself and to others. Why, mother, do you know anything about the price of cigars in these times? Cousin Edward Wilkins, who smokes a great many, says you can't get a decent cigar for less than fifteen cents; and the best cost forty and fifty cents apiece. I heard Deacon Tompkins say his cigars cost him six hundred dollars a year for he uses nothing but the very best, and they are all imported. He told father so the other day, when they were smoking in the study after dinner, and I was trying to get my arithmetic lesson. Now, mother, do you think my father and the deacon and a whole host of ministers and elders, and temperance lecturers, and lots of good Christian people spend so much money to keep themselves in bad habits? Why, just the sum that Deacon Tompkins alone spends for cigars, would support a missionary in the West for a whole year, and would be a better salary than many Western missionaries now get. Really, mother, I can't believe that using tobacco is wrong, as long as so many good Christians use it. I don't care so much about chewing. I would rather have some nice clean spruce-gum, like they have down in Dickson's store; I would like to smoke as my father does; and please, mother, give me a little money to get some cigars."

"My son, you may talk the matter over to your father. Ask him if he thinks it will improve your habits and your manners to learn to smoke; if he approves, you may ask him for a cigar."—*N. Y. Republican.*

INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL ON THE CIRCULATION.

Dr. Richardson in answer to a question put by the Ladies' Convention recently held in London, says:—The effect of alcohol on the circulation of the blood is to quicken the circulation. The heart beats more quickly after alcohol is imbibed; the vessels of the minute circulation are dilated, and, at the same time, are reduced in their contractile power. A moderate degree of cold applied to the vessels of the body produces the same effects, and hence cold and alcohol go hand-in-hand together in producing torpidity and general failure of vital activity. During the time when the heart is beating more quickly, and the blood is coursing more rapidly through the weakened vessels of the vital organs, a flush or glow is experienced which, in time, becomes a sensation, if not of pleasure, at least of excitement. By continued use of alcohol, the vessels lose their control, and the heart fails in its power unless the stimulation be renewed. At last the sense of want of power and of languor, when the stimulant is withheld, is transformed into what is conceived to be a natural necessity. The weakened stomach yearns first for what is called its stimulant, and then the languid body craves, in response, for the same. But the rapid course of the circulation leading to the increased action of the vital organs is, after all, the rapid running out of the force of the body. It is like the rapid running down of the timepiece when the pendulum is lifted. The running down demands, in turn, the more frequent winding up, and the result is premature wearing out and disorganization of those organic structures on the integrity of which the steady maintenance of life depends.

During these unnatural courses of the circulation under alcohol, the degrees of structural change which occur are most serious. The minute blood-vessels are rendered feeble irregular in action, untrue to their duty. The membranes of the body become changed in the kidneys—organs which are failures unless their membranes and their vascular parts be kept intact—lose their power for work, and from their defects disease, in tangible form, is organically developed.

Another cause of feebleness from alcohol, indirectly connected with the circulation, is the change to obesity which alcohol produces. It is one of the effects of alcohol to check the natural process of oxidation in the body, and for this reason, as I have experimentally proved, it reduces the animal warmth. The influence of this repression does not end here: under it there is an impaired nutrition, and in many instances a great and unnatural increase of fat in the body, what physicians call fatty change or fatty degeneration. In the beginning of this change it is usual that the fatty substance is laid up outside and around the vital organs, or beneath the skin, where it is stored away in great abundance. In later stages, and occasionally from the first, the fatty particles are deposited within the minute structures of organs, in the muscular structure of the heart, or in the substance of the brain or kidney. The fatty degeneration, in this manner induced, is, of necessity, a permanent cause of feebleness, of premature decay, and, not unfrequently, of sudden death.

The view that alcohol is demanded in order to keep up a feeble circulation is opposed to reason and to practical knowledge. It is a view that rests altogether on the feeling or appetite of the person who, on his or her own experience, defends it. The very fact that such personal experience is felt, is an indication that the alcohol is inflicting injury, and that abstinence from it is absolutely demanded.

TOBACCO.

W. R. MONROE, M. D.

Dr. Pidduck, in the *London Lancet*, in 1856, says: In no instance is the sin of the father more strikingly visited upon the children, than in the sin of tobacco-smoking; the enervation, the hypochondriasis, the hysteria, the insanity, the dwarfish deformities, the consumption, the suffering lives and early deaths of the children of inveterate smokers, bear ample testimony to the feebleness and unsoundness of the constitution transmitted by this pernicious habit.

Nearly every eminent physician and surgeon, both in Europe and America, who during the last three hundred years, has investigated the effects of tobacco upon the human system, has uttered strong language against its use.

Many cases of dyspepsia, diseased liver, congestion of the brain, paralysis of the motor nerves, blindness, nervousness, and insanity have been reported, and many of them have proved fatal.

A large number of most loathsome and fatal local diseases resulting from smoking are reported, such as cancerous sores on the lips, mouth, and tongue. From the heat of the pipe or cigar small blisters or wart-like pimples are formed upon the tongue, and become cancerous. In some cases, after several painful and unsuccessful excisions of portions of the tongue and mouth of the most intense sufferers, these victims of a tobacco appetite languish and die.

Insanity from the excessive use of tobacco is not uncommon. In the Massachusetts State Hospital, in 1843, there were eight cases of insanity produced by the abuse of tobacco. Dr. Kirkbride, in his report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane for 1849, states that two cases in men and five in women were caused by the use of opium, and four in men by the use of tobacco,

Surgeon Solly, of St. Thomas Hospital, says: "I know of no single vice which does so much harm as smoking. It is a snare and a delusion. t soothes the excited nervous system at first, to render it more irritable and more feeble ultimately. I believe the cases of general paralysis are more frequent in England now than they used to be, and I suspect that smoking tobacco is one of the causes of that increase.

Such able authorities as Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper gave their verdict against the use of tobacco. Dr. Wm. Henderson, in his work on Plain Rules for Improving Health, says there are cases of dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, of insanity, etc., produced by using tobacco. One gentleman, from having been one of the most healthy and fearless men, became one of the most timid. He could not present a petition, much less say a word concerning it, through he was a practising lawyer. He was afraid to be left alone at nights. There is a Methodist preacher in this city who is so nervous that he does not dare to trust himself to preach. I believe it is from his habitual smoking of tobacco.—*Methodist.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY L. L. PHELPS.

bright boys. Full of fun and mischief they were, like all lads of ten or twelve, but yet very good boys in the main, after all. It was before the introduction of the uniform lessons—when each boy learned a few verses of his own choosing, and thought if he only recited them well, he might "cut up" while his classmates were reciting. One day Miss L—— said, "Boys, I've got a new plan for you. We have had several lectures on temperance lately, and you have heard what men have to say about it. Now I want you to look into your Bibles, and see what God has to say about it. I have selected several passages for you to learn. Frankie, you may take Gen. 9: 20-24; Charlie, Prov. 23: 29-30; Eddie, Hab. 2: 15; Arthur, Isa. 5: 11; Allie, Prov. 20: 5; and Bertie, 2 Cor. 6: 10. Next Sunday we will talk these verses over, and if you think, on the whole, it is wrong to drink liquor, or chew tobacco, I want you to sign a pledge that you will never do either."

The next Sabbath, a row of eager, expectant faces greeted Miss L——as she took her place. "I've got my verses, teacher," said one; "I said them to father." And as Miss L——remembered that "father" was often the worse for liquor, she silently prayed that God would bless his own words. Eagerly, earnestly, familiarly, Miss L——and her boys talked over the subject. Each one had something to say about it, and when, at the close of the lesson, Miss L——said, "Now, boys, how many of you mean to sign this pledge, and keep it, too?" there was not one dissenting voice. So she laid this simple pledge before them: "I herewith promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, and tobacco, totally and forever." And one by one, in stiff, cramped, boyish writing, each wrote his name under it.

The next Sabbath, Miss L——brought a printed copy of the pledge to each boy, and asked him to sign it and paste it on the inside of the cover of his Bible, so that he might have a reminder of his promise as well as she.

Shortly afterward, Miss L——was called away from that school to another, but she never forgot her boys, and I am very sure they have never ceased to remember her. They have all grown up to manhood now, and have entered upon business life, yet, so far as I can learn, they have all been true to their pledge, except in the case of one, who uses tobacco. I met him the other day with a pipe in his mouth. "O Frankie," said I, "you've broken your pledge! what would Miss L——say?" He hung his head, and replied, "Oh! I only use tobacco, and a fellow must have some fun now and then."

Not long ago, one of the boys united with the church. "I want you to tell Miss L—— when you write," he said to me; "tell her that pledge was one of the best things she ever did for us boys. We never could forget how she said God felt about those who injure or destroy their own bodies."

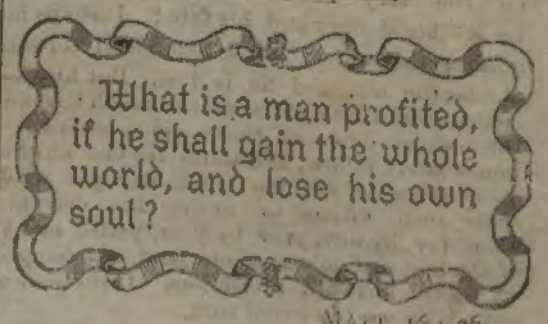
Ah, fellow-teacher, is not the great secret of success here? If we can only impress upon our pupils a sense of the feeling which God has in regard to sin, may we not expect to see the fruit of our labor, even though it be "after many days?"—*S. S. Times.*

TRIAL OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The long continued habit of taking alcohol engenders an appetite for it which, it must be confessed, is a very powerful influence in its support. To forget and to overcome this appetite requires faculties of which many persons are deficient, viz., strength of will and determination. In some instances even courage is required, as well as strength of will, in order to vanquish the desire engendered by the habit. But when the will is strong enough for the effort the triumph of total abstinence is certain. It is probable that so long as any alcohol remains in the body, the desire,—I may say the urgent desire,—for more of it is severely felt. After a sufficient time for its complete elimination from the tissues, the appetite grows feebler, and at last it ceases altogether. The habit is buried and forgotten, and this point reached, the new life that is realized is unencumbered by a desire that is as useless as it is masterful when it is allowed to have its sway. Then the ideas that the abstinence produces illness and enforces a return to the stimulant entirely pass away.

An error often committed by temporary abstainers from alcohol is that ailments to which they become subject after they commenced to abstain, and which would have occurred with equal certainty if alcohol had been persisted in, are caused by the abstinence. It is specially necessary to warn those who are beginning to abstain, from this error. There is no evidence whatever that I can discover in favor of the supposition that any disease occurs from or is dependent on total abstinence. I have myself never seen disease induced in such manner, and whenever I have entered carefully into the study of symptoms [illegible] seen assigned to the cause named, they have afforded no proof of actual disease; they have been purely subjective in character, and have indicated nothing more than the will, or the idea, or the inclination of the person who has complained of them. The best evidence on the point now under consideration is, however, afforded in the effects of enforced abstinence on those alcoholics who, under hospital, workhouse, or prison discipline, are rigidly and peremptorily debarred from alcohol. I have failed, so far, to obtain a single instance of the origin of any known and definable disease from the process of enforced abstinence. No one, I believe, has ever pretended to write out the history of a disease induced by that process. On the contrary the generally expressed opinion is that the enforced abstinence promotes health, and that it tends, when the appetite for the stimulant is subdued, to promote the after sobriety of professed inebriates more effectively than any other measure that has been tried for the prevention of habitual intoxication.—*Dr. Richardson.*

AT SIXPENCE A BITE.—Suppose a man should keep a den of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite? Would it be a sensible thing for a man to invite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it any more sensible to invite your friends and associates into a saloon to take a drink at sixpence a glass, when you know that each glass of drink is like the bite of a rattlesnake, poisonous and venomous, ruinous to body and soul, destructive of virtue, honor, character, integrity and happiness. Young man, stop the habit of standing treat. If you yourself will drink, spare others from destruction. I know you say, "It won't hurt," but God says it will, for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."



Scientific Department

WATER FOR LIGHT AND HEAT.

It appears tolerably certain now that a comparatively inexpensive process in the manufacture of lighting and heating gas from water has been discovered, and that it is coming into extensive operation. The number of failures to produce gas from water at a rate which would be remunerative had led most persons to believe that such process would never be discovered. We are informed that the "Lowe Water Gas Process" was introduced at the town of Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, some years ago, and that it has been supplying it with from 5,000 to 10,000 cubic feet daily; that it has been introduced into Conshohocken, Penn., some two years ago, supplying it with 12,000 cubic feet per day, one man making the gas, collecting the bills and attending to the whole machinery; that it is in operation at Columbia, Penn., supplying 22,000 feet daily; that it supplied 200,000 feet daily to the town of Utica, though in January, 1875, the works were burned down; that within the present year it has been introduced into several mills in various parts of the country; and that at Kingston, Canada, works for the general use and supply of the water gas were being erected. Various other towns are about to construct works for the "Lowe Water Gas" production. In Manyunk, a suburb of Philadelphia, test works were constructed during the past summer, and went into operation on the 14th of August of the present year. Great compactness in the works, rapidity and cheapness in production seem to indicate that it is to be the illuminator of the future. The new works at Manyunk occupy only about a tenth of the area of the old gas works, and supply twice the quantity of gas, while the cost of twenty-candle gas delivered into the holder, inclusive of labor and interest on the investment, is admitted by the managers to be about 15 to 40 per cent. less than that of coal gas of sixteen-candle power supplied to the city. If the price of petroleum should be lessened, the cost will be still less. It appears that about three gallons of petroleum are sufficient to liberate from the water a thousand cubic feet of gas of twenty-candle power.

It appears from a notice in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* that by the "Lowe process" gas for heating purposes can be made at an expense of not more than 15 cents per 1,000 feet, which would allow its sale to consumers at the rate of not more than 50 cents per 1,000 feet. Gas can be applied to smelting and other purposes requiring great heat, it is said, more economically than directly from coal. We are assured that not more than two or three per cent. of the heat generated can be utilized in crucibles and furnaces, though when the fuel is mixed with the material to be smelted, twenty, thirty, or forty per cent. has been realized. It is urged that the maximum of economy in heating is attained by admitting into the combustion chamber fuel ready to burn. When coal is used it has first to be converted in the chamber into gas, and then there is about thirty per cent. of nitrogen evolved which not only is of no use but actually prevents, as far as it can, so to speak, the heating process. Then for the purpose of heating houses, the price being sufficiently low, which at 50 cents per 1,000 feet it would seem to be, it would appear to be preferable to any other mode. Box stoves, base-burners, open grates, and all other known modes of heating will have to follow the tallow candles of former days into old curiosity shops and country houses. The good woman who manages such matters will only have to turn a faucet and apply a match, and in a few minutes the breakfast will be ready. No cinders, no ashes, no dust. Many of our readers will live to see these predictions realized. Man is a pertinacious animal, and keeps on tugging at difficulties till at last they find it of no use to resist further. So it was with steam, and so it is with water gas, and so may it yet be with many things which we now pronounce impracticable.

ORIGIN OF THE TRUFFLE.

The truffle is a species of underground fungus largely used in French cookery to give a peculiar rich flavor to meats. It comes principally from France, where it is always found in oak or beech woods, and can only be gathered through the agency of the keen scent of dogs or pigs especially trained to hunt for it. Both from the difficulty of obtaining the fungus, and from the fact that it is a delicacy highly prized by epicures, it brings in all markets a large price; and thus truffle hunting has long been a remunerative calling for the French and Italian peasantry. In appearance, the truffle is a blackish mass, covered with protuberances, and weighing from an ounce to several pounds; when cut open it presents a marble appearance, and its reproductive portion (it is sexless) is found in the veins in the shape of minute sacs which never open, each containing several spores, possessing spine-covered or honeycombed surfaces.

Numerous attempts have been made to cultivate these fungi, but with little or no success. Regarding their early development, comparatively nothing has been known, and the spawn or vegetative portion, which in the case of the mushroom is readily obtained, allowing the cultivation of that fungus to any degree, has not yet been definitely found in the truffle. Sprinkling the earth with water, in which the parings of truffles have been steeped, has resulted, it is stated, in producing them; and they have likewise been obtained by the slow process of planting calcareous soil with acorns, and waiting for the saplings to reach a few years' growth, when the truffles could be gathered among the roots. Still no practical method of cultivating the truffle is in existence; and since they are found completely isolated from anything which could produce them, we are left in the dark as to how they are originated, or at best with merely the supposition that at an early period of their development, they are parasites of the tree roots, or the theory that, like oak galls, they are due to the stings of insects. This last conjecture, however, arising from the fact that truffles are attacked by dipterous insects, like other nitrogenous cryptogams, has been refuted by the entomologists.

A very curious and recent experiment by M. Brefeld throws some new light on the subject, and may lead to the long sought method of cultivation. The *penicillium glaucum* is the well known green mould which appears on bread and cheese, and which owes its name to the fact that, in free air, it consists of chaplets of spores, in brush form, connected to a stem or pedicle. The mode of reproduction of this mould depends on the medium in which it exists. Now, by placing the *penicillium* in a closed vessel with very little air, M. Brefeld has obtained nodules which, after being buried in moist sand, fructify with internal asci which do not open. That is to say, they are produced in a manner analogous to truffles. The asci, we may explain here, are the little sacs in which the spores are contained, and are found in many complex forms of fungi, which build up a special organ called the *peridium* to hold these sacs.

It will be seen from M. Brefeld's discovery one serial, or *penicillium*, the other existing when partially deprived of air, or tuberaceous. The truffle through its subterranean location is always in confined air, present besides in limited quantities, and in that state is sexless. Now it remains to find its serial form, to discover the peculiar *penicillium* which placed under the conditions noted will produce, for its nodule, a truffle.—*Scientific American.*

BURSTING OF BARK.—It is not uncommon in the spring to find free growing young nursery trees seriously injured by a splitting and separating of the bark near the ground. The slit will be 2 to 4 inches long, and the bark is often loosened to the extent of one-third of the circumference. As the lips of loosened bark dry, they gape open more and more, leaving the surface of the wood beneath fully exposed to dry wind, wet and decay. This injury is usually, but mistakenly, spoken of as a "sun-scald"—an effect of hot sunshine suddenly thawing a frozen stem. But it is often seen on the north and east, as well as on the south and west sides of the stem. It is evidently caused by the expansion of the watery sap of the cambium, on being converted into ice. It is never seen on trees from which the leaves have nearly all fallen, and this is because the leaves do not fall until the flow of sap has subsided, and the new wood begins to harden and dry to the condition of its winter rest. Although we often do not see the hurt until it becomes very obvious in the spring, by gaping open, it takes place only in the fall, at the time of the first keen frosts, and as already said, only late growers, which retain their leaves late, are liable to it. The apple (of such sorts) shows it most frequently, probably because its bark is not very tough or elastic. The cherry is often a severe sufferer. If the damage occurs as early as in October, we often find in the spring that it has been repaired by a natural exudation of prepared sap, so that the exposed wood has been sealed over by a very thin brown film of cambium tissue, which, although not finished smooth and varnished like the completed bark, yet answers its purpose of protection to the wood, against losing moisture from within or receiving too much moisture from without. It is like the thin and scarcely perceptible film which oozes from wounds made by pruning in September, or early October, and which prevents the face of the cut from cracking in fissures, such as are seen on wounds made by winter pruning if left long unprotected by a waterproof coating. All that is necessary to save trees affected by the splitting and separating of the bark is to look for the cases in November, tie the bark down, and cover with earth, or with a strip of wax, like a wound made in grafting.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*

HOW A NEW YORK GIRL "DID SUMS" IN HER SLEEP.—Jennie Lawson is a member of the second class in the Eighteenth Street female grammar school. Friday last, a number of arithmetical examples were given out for solution, but three of them, in percentages, requiring long processes of division, resisted all Jennie's efforts to secure the correct answers. This circumstance seemed to distress the child, and, after working through them again and again without success, she went home determined by persistent effort to find out where her error was, and she continued to strive until long after the rest of the family had retired. Toward midnight, her mother, who slept in an adjoining room, called to her daughter that she had better go to bed, lest she should be late in rising the next day. The girl at once retired, and in a few moments was fast asleep. About an hour afterward, Mrs. Lawson was again awakened by a sudden noise in her daughter's bed-chamber, which was then in entire darkness. She called, but, receiving no answer, arose to see what was the matter. Jennie was sitting at her desk, and had apparently just completed some work on her slate, the noise having been made by the falling of a ruler from the table to the floor. The girl was fast asleep. Mrs. Lawson did not wake her at that time, and on the following day it was afternoon before the girl could be roused from the deep sleep in which she seemed to be. Upon awakening, Jenny spoke of the problems, and expressed her intention of making a further trial as their solution. Upon getting the slate she found them completely solved in her own hand, each line neatly ruled, and the figuring without the slightest error. At this she was greatly surprised. Her last knowledge of the puzzling examples was of leaving them unsolved on the night before. Of her performances in her sleep she knew when awake absolutely nothing, and her mother not having mentioned the incident left her the more bewildered. Yesterday, the girl brought the work to school and related the incident attending it to her teacher. The room was entirely dark, the girl soundly asleep during the working out of the problems, and the feat has been so affected.—*New York World.*

A WONDERFUL TREE.—From Bahia Consul Morgan sends a translation from a book published by the Inspector of the Custom-house of that port, in which it is stated that the consumption of a century would not exhaust the supply of india rubber. The inspector gives an account of a remarkable tree, the Carnauba palm, which grows in Brazil without any culture, and it is so hardy as to flourish in the most prolonged drought, and has often served at such times as the means of support to the population of more than one province. The top, white young, is an appreciable and nutritious article of food; and from this tree also wine, vinegar, and a saccharine matter are extracted, as well as a kind of gum similar in its taste and properties to sago. From the wood musical instruments are made, as also tubes and pumps for water. The delicate fibrous substances of the pith of the stalk and its leaves make a good substitute for cork. The roots have the same virtues as the Sarsaparilla. The pulp of the fruit is of an agreeable taste, and the nut, oily and emulsive, is roasted and then used as coffee by many persons. From the trunk are obtained strong fibres, and also a species of flour similar to maizena, and a liquid resembling that of the Bahia cocoa-nut. From the dried straw are made mats, hats, baskets, and brooms, and large quantities of the straw are exported to Europe for the manufacture of fine hats. Finally, from the leaves is produced the wax used in the manufacture of candles; and the export of this wax exceeds 162,000f. a year in value. The inspector suggests that perhaps in no other country can there be found a plant applied to so many and varied purposes.—*Times.*

DRESDEN HOUSES.—A correspondent of the *Churchman* says: The south end of Dresden is the more fashionable portion of the city. A few years ago it was a dreary waste, but room had to be made for the stream of strangers that came pouring in from all parts of the world, and, in a brief space of time, houses like palaces sprang up from the desolate ground. But fine as Dresden houses are, I am afraid Americans, with their notions of home comfort, will never take kindly to them. All are of immense size, usually over 100 feet square, and on every floor or *etage* two to four different families live, so that there is nothing of seclusion or privacy in them. Across from our *pension*, in the cellar, a shoemaker, an umbrella mender, and the followers of half a dozen various crafts, do their work, and bring up their families. On the *parterre*, the floor level with the pavement is a goodly sized grocery store; on the first *etage* an Austrian countess lives in very elegant style; on the second and third *etages* several middle class families, such as shopkeepers and clerks, reside; while the fourth and fifth are inhabited by a large colony of droschky-drivers, *schneiders* and laboring men. The roof, when the house is fully tenanted, I am told, covers 200 different human beings of every grade in the social scale. Is it a wonder, then, that to us who are brought up from childhood to regard our homes as our castles, Dresden houses will always appear as so many barracks or caravanseries.

BUDDHA'S RAYS.—This name is given by the natives of Ceylon to the appearance of broad beams apparently of bluish light which sometimes extend from the zenith down to the horizon, where they converge. The spaces between them have the ordinary illumination of the rest of the sky. This effect is supposed to be due to the different temperatures of the air at various levels. The upper air is colder and denser, and the rays of light are refracted downward. A similar explanation is given of a remarkable appearance seen at Adam's Peak, Ceylon. This mountain rises abruptly from a low country to the height of 7,200 feet above sea level. The phenomenon consists apparently of an elongated shadow of the mountain projecting westward to a distance of about seventy miles. As the sun rises higher it rapidly approaches the mountain, and appears at the same time to rise before the observer in the form of a gigantic pyramid of shadow. Distant objects may be seen through it, so that it is not really a shadow on the land, but a veil of darkness between the peak and the low country. It continues to rapidly approach and rise, until it seems to fall back upon the observer, like a ladder which has been reared beyond the vertical, and the next instant it is gone. In this the air of the mountain top is colder and denser than that of the valleys, but as the rays of light are above instead of below it, the refraction is upward, producing the effect of darkness from the loss of rays which would otherwise come to the observer's eye.—*Galaxy.*

—The London *Observer* says that aerolites have lately attracted unwonted attention, owing to one of them having come in close proximity with the earth. The fall of meteoric stones from the skies is almost as common as the shower of stones and other missiles hurled by the playful youths of London from railway bridges at passing trains. In the Mysore provinces the fall of aerolites is, says a Bangalore paper, common enough; and Mr. Heynes, in his "Statistical Fragment on Mysore," drawn up in the year 1800, states that "masses of immense size are said to have fallen from the clouds at different periods." In the latter part of Tippoo Sultan's reign it is on record and well authenticated that a piece fell near Seringapatam of the size of an elephant, which, by the Sultan's officers, was reported to produce the effect of fire on the skin of those who touched it, a comparison naturally made by persons ignorant of the sensation of extreme frigidity. It is stated that two days elapsed before it was entirely dissolved, during which time it exhaled such a stench as to prevent people from approaching it. This account is in the public record of Tippoo's reign, from a gentleman of the greatest respectability of character, and high in the civil service of the honorable company.

SURGERY FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—Farmers should know that a broken bone may be set and the injury cured in a dumb animal, as well, considering their different natures, as in a human being. I once saved a young horse which got well and strong after his hind leg was broken; and not long ago I saved old heifer which got her hind leg broken above the hock joint. The steer that broke it chased her over the bars, and the broken bone projected through the skin some inches. I got her into a pen well provided with litter, and set the bone as well as the circumstances would admit, and splinted and bandaged it up, and in six weeks it was apparently as well as ever, with the exception of a small callus at the place where broken. The animal may now be seen at my place.—*Cor. Maine Farmer.*

STONEHENGE.—Quite recently a party of civil engineers proceeded to this spot, and were engaged for four or five days in taking most elaborate measurements of the structure, as well as making astronomical calculations. The results of their exhaustive survey have been very striking, astonishing, it is said, none more than the savants themselves, and leave not the least doubt about the solar references of the structure; and, further, that it was undoubtedly erected as a temple of the sun.—*The Builder.*

JOHN BUNYAN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

(CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*)

We cannot have a better portrait of the vigorous Puritan preacher of the day than we have in that valiant "Mr. Great-heart," who becomes the leader of "Christiana" and her children, when her husband has gone within the golden gates of the Celestial City. Only those who have read history for narrow and bigoted ends will hesitate to accept Bunyan's portrait as the true one, standing immeasurably separate from the caricatures with which some historians would seek to amuse us. John Howe and John Owen, and the consecrated host to which they belonged, were men of large and vigorous brain, and, notwithstanding their robustness of intellect, were not wanting in a delicacy of feeling which proclaimed them woman-born.

It is this tender delicacy of feeling that again and again sweetly surprises us in the female characters Bunyan paints. We are accustomed to think of him as a rough and thundering Boanerges, dealing out invectives against the worldly and ungodly in no measured accents, but in

the dead," he used to say, with his own stern emphasis; "I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and I carried that fire in my conscience which I persuaded them to beware of." He believed, therefore he spoke, and in words so strong that they could hardly be made light of without the hearers being made sensible that they were trampling underfoot the truth of God, and might never hear again the sweet message of reconciliation.

At the same time, both in his writings and his sermons, we have those gentle touches which unmistakably reveal the deep and tender heart of the man. No one but a tender husband could have painted "Christiana" for us. No one but a loving father could have given us "Mercy." What a glimpse we have of the heart of husband and father, when, in obedience to the dictates of conscience, he chose rather to remain in gaol than to accept freedom:—

"I found myself," he says, "a man compassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and also it brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces! Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though

DRAWING LESSON.

From Sir Edwin Landseer's Painting. In outline by Mr. Harrison Weir, as drawing lesson for the young. —*Infants' Magazine.*

I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quiet to leave you. I was a man who was pulling down the house upon the heads of his wife and children; yet I thought of those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them."

We feel sure it will afford our readers pleasure to see the illustrations which apeared in the original edition. However rude, these illustrations are highly curious and interesting, and serve to show by what primitive pictorial representations the first readers of the immortal allegory were helped to realize some of its stirring scenes.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

CHAPTER I.—FIRE! FIRE!

It was bitter weather. Snow lay deep, deepening daily as more and more came down from the mud-colored sky. And then there would come a little blink of blue, bright weather, just warm enough to half melt the white, sugar-like powdering of the evergreens,—which freezing again as soon as the sun went down, or in, laurels and laurustinuses turned as black as gorse upon a heath that had been swept by fire. Birds were killed by cold—dropped down as if they had been shot; and it was melancholy to hear the horses' churchyard coughs. In other respects the lanes and fields were strangely silent and and solitary. Bullocks huddled together in mute misery in the most sheltered corners they could find; the shyest birds alighted in streets, and came close up to houses like robins.

During this severe season in the east of England almost all out-door work had come to a stop, as elsewhere, so at Old Bere Hall Farm, a few miles from the old town of Romanchester. The thud of the flails in the barn was almost the only sound to be heard about the place, save when a horse or a sheep coughed, or a beast uttered a low, sullen moan; for the barnyard fowls moped on their perches, and the ducks and geese clustered as silently in the holes that had been broken for them through the black shield of the horse-pond.

Pretty little Helen Hellen was the only lively being on the farm. She was the general pet of the place—of her widowed father, of her two brothers, both much older than herself, of the maid-servants and the man-servant. So no wonder she liked home, and she was being kept at home, away from her Romanchester boarding school (where, too, she was a favorite, but not *such* a favorite as at home), although her holidays proper were over,

her cooped-in father and brothers growl and the woman of the house cross; which had deprived a good many of the farm-servants of work, and depressed those who were still kept on, since the time of Christmas largesses was past, and hard weather without special aid used, at any rate, to mean special hardship for south of England agricultural laborers.

Great fires roared and blazed to drive out the cold; food and drink might freeze at night, but they smoked appetizingly at meal times. All her elders belonging to the house had a kind look and word for her, however grumpy they might be to one another; and so, as I have said before, it is no wonder that Helen loved her home, and liked the cold that lengthened her stay in it. The discomfort without only intensified the comfort within, and if Jack Frost would not be forbid from playing his pranks even within the well-warmed house, they caused no serious inconvenience—only gave conversation another topic, of which amongst Helen's weather-bound seniors it was often sadly in want.

She had gone into the back-kitchen in the evening to look

after her rabbits, when a man came in. It was a man whom her father occasionally employed, but he was an idle, worthless fellow, and therefore was not likely to be kept on at such a time. He had a very bad character, and Helen would have been afraid of him if she had been alone, but the dogs were in the kitchen, and some of the farming men, as well as the women-servants.

The men came from the front to the back kitchen fire to talk with this Grim Jim, as the man who had come in was called. He was still on the look-out for a job, and gave low, bear-like growls as he scraped his snow-balled boots on the hissing bars. "Two fires a-burnin' here," he muttered. "Rabbits and sich like warmin must be fed, an' Chris'ns left to starve."

The cook-housekeeper gave him something to eat, and he ate it as if he really was hungry, but did not express or seem to feel the least gratitude. "I needn't come here," he grumbled, "eatin' up other folk's leavin's as ain't a mite better nor me, if the bears was only about, but they hide so cunnin', confound the beggars, there ain't so much as ketching a sight on 'em."

"You wouldn't say so, Jim," answered the cook with a laugh, "if you was to our garden. I went this mornin' to see if I could get a bit o' kebbidge, and there—there was a good dozen on 'em scrappin away at the snow."

"Much good 'twould be for me to come lookin' for 'em *theer*," Jim growled in reply; and took his leave, giving Helen, still busy with her rabbits, a look very different from those to which she was accustomed.

That night she was awoke from her sleep by a sudden glare. Starting from her bed, she saw one tongue after another of red flame licking out of the black smoke rolling round a rick. They shot up into a sheet of fire, by the light of which he saw a figure she fancied she knew well, hurrying down the lane. It slipped behind a pollard elm, and the next moment she saw a face about which there could be no mistake—pale even beneath the flush of fire—looking with fiendish satisfaction on the mischief that was being done. By this time the farm-house people were aroused, and neighboring cottagers had huddled on their clothes, and were gaping at the fire. The gapers soon became a crowd. A few of them were shamed into assisting the farmer and his sons and kept on men in their attempts to put out the fire; but the bulk, including men who had often worked for Farmer Hellen, contented themselves with gaping. A good many did not seem to regret, in the least, what had happened. "'Twas a good thing to get a warm anyhow—what call had they to slave for them as didn't kear a mite for them?—bread, maybe would git cheaper if the farmers got to see the carn they was hoardin' up burnt about their ears"—such were the comments freely passed on the calamity. Hellen and his sons rushed about like men beside themselves. It was easy enough to smash the night's films that had frozen over its thatch every now and then caught, as sparks fell and burning fragments were whirled upon it.

Having saved all they could of their live stock, the farmer and his sons devoted themselves to saving their home, and in this they succeeded; but a dreary waste of jumbled blackness, grey ashes, red embers, and cooling embers above which little flames ever and anon still flickered, and frozen snow and earth, dung and straw, thawed and trodden into viscous, blacking-like mire, spread around.

When all the mischief was done, the fire-engine arrived from Romanchester, where the glare of the flames had been plainly seen—a ruddy flush pulsing on the sky, and sometimes separate flames leaping up in it. The engine was drawn by twelve horses, and a posse of men, the duck and goose holes, but what was the good of water when the bucket-gang was so scanty and so half-hearted? On rick after rick, stack after stack, the twelth-cake-like covering of frozen snow melted as the flames spread to them, but it merely fed the fire. The cart-lodges caught, both barns with all they held were utterly destroyed; it was with the greatest difficulty that the terror-frenzied horses were got out of the flaming stables. The wildest clamor and confusion had succeeded the sullen silence that had so long brooded over the farm. Poultry, pigs, sheep, cattle, horses, added their frantic voices to the shouts of men and the roaring of the flames. The farm-house, fortunately, did not stand directly to the leeward of the fire, but bathed in perspiration in spite of the cold, pushed behind, and wrenched round each snow-clogged wheel.

It was with very sulky hospitality that Farmer Hellen set food and drink before these latest arrivals.

They had come to the rescue, but they had come too late. He was insured, but not nearly to the amount of his loss.

Soon after the fire the weather broke, and Little Helen was not sorry; home was no longer the cosy home it had been a little while before. She would be better out of the way at school.

Moreover, home no longer seemed to her the secure place that it had been. She had got it into her head that Grim Jim knew that she had seen him peeping from behind the pollard elm, and that he would murder her in consequence—at any rate, if she ever said a word to anyone about having seen him.

She had not said a word, but it was not simply dread of Grim Jim that had kept her from doing so. Her father was a very violent man, and his losses had temporarily made almost a madman of him. His little daughter shuddered to hear him talk. In the most horrid language he would vow that if he could only find out the man who had fired his ricks, he would cheat the gallows of him—or rather keep the law from cheating *him* of him. Hanging was too good for him, the infuriated farmer would say, and at once gratify and inflame his wrath by devising all kinds of torture to which the villain was to be put before his worthless neck was wrung.

Hellen believed that the fire was the work of a stranger. He had a very good opinion of himself, and, in spite of the inactivity of his neighbors at the time of the fire, had no idea that he was disliked in his own parish, much less that he was hated by a man who, however fitfully, had often worked for him.

The sluggishness I have referred to he attributed to his suspicions had never once fallen upon Grim Jim. But Helen lived in constant dread that some chance word, or even look, of hers might turn them in that direction; in which case she felt almost sure that Grim Jim would murder her; and that, whether he did or not, her father would kill him and be hanged in front of the county gaol.

Accordingly little Helen rejoiced when the weather broke, even though a burst of almost summer heat, which melted the snow as it melts in Norway, brought out her bees prematurely from their snug hibernacula, and scores of them came to grief, dropping like withered flowers when they passed from the sunshine into the still keen air of the shade.

The thaw, for a time, made the roads almost as impassable as they had been in the time of the deepest snow. Ere long, however, they grew hard enough for traffic, and Helen swung of for Romanchester in the great family gig, which was big enough to hold her two boxes also without inconveniencing her second brother, who drove her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

MY PSALM.

The crimson glow of sunset skies,
The quiet hush of eve,
The storms that suddenly arise,
The rainbows that they leave,
The minglings of the dark and light,
The never-ending strife—
Thus hath God pointed in my sight
The mystery of life.

Its hidden depths no eye may soan,
Unfathomed, deep they lie;
But He who made it loveth man,
And ever hears his cry;
And all my past a tribute brings
For His sweet balm of peace,
Beneath the shadow of His wings
My soul hath found a lease.

I know not what the future hath
Of happiness or woe;
Enough to know He guards my path
From whom all good gifts flow;
And, if He gave His life for me,
He giveth all things best;
And, though I cannot alway see,
I trust Him for the rest.

The thorns my bleeding feet may pierce;
The way be rough and steep,
The tempests may be wild and fierce,
The dark at times be deep;
But thorns the sweetest roses bear,
And ways so rough and steep
But bring us to those levels where
No angry tempests sweep.

And He, who ever bears me up,
Hath trod this path in pain;
His lips have drank each bitter cup,
Shall my poor heart complain?
Ah no, but sing from day to day,
"He doeth all things well,"
And marvel at His love, and pray
In His dear sight to dwell.

—*Watchman.*

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE."

Came to me in early days,
Ere I entered life's thick maze,
A low voice, that spoke to me
Of a heart's fidelity.
As like blessing-music fell
Words that now I know so well,
"I will never leave thee."

Since that day how frequently
They have come again to me!
When I stood on mountain heights
Happy in the morning lights,
Or within the shadowy vale
When the skies grew cold and pale;
When the flowers in crowds sprang up,
And I drank of pleasure's cup,
Or when faded leaves were spread
O'er my path, the voice still said,
"I will never leave thee."

Times have been when tempests beat,
And I suffered great defeat;
When loved comrades fell away,
Till it seemed that none would stay;
But amid the storm's wild rush
There has come a solemn hush
Over life's too-troubled sea,
For a friend has said to me,
"I will never leave thee."

Now and then my days have been
Brilliant in a sunny scene,
And, content with pleasures dear,
I have felt the the world most near;
But to keep my heart at rest
On the highest and the best
Lest I clung too fast to earth,
He has whispered through the mirth,
"I will never leave thee."

What can come of grief or song
While I pace the path along
That shall cause His words to fail?
Nay, they always must prevail;
Be the future what it may,
There is light to cheer the way,
And my heart shall know not fear,
While at every step I hear,
"I will never leave thee."

Now the shadows longer grow,
And the day of life below,
Drawing to a speedy close,
Brings the hour of still repose.
Shall I dread the gloaming? Nay.
Through the mists I see a ray,
And Christ's voice, not loud, but deep,
Whispers, as I fall asleep,
"I will never leave thee."

—*Christian World.*

HARD TIMES CONQUERED.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

About seventy years ago, a physician with a young family springing up around him, consulting his wife, as all good husbands find it prudent to do, bought a large farm in one of our New England States where every farmer truly earns his living by the sweat of his brow. Both felt that nowhere could their children be trained to industry and frugality so thoroughly as on a good farm.

Of course the Doctor was obliged to "run in debt" for this property and give a mortgage on the place. The payments were to be made quarterly, and promptly, or the whole would be forfeited and revert to the original owner. In those days physicians were not likely to become millionnaires in a hurry, and though his practice was large the pay was small and not always sure. He therefore looked to the farm to bring forth the means to release him from the bondage of debt; and the children, even to the youngest, were taught to labor for, and look forward eagerly to, the time "when we have paid for the farm!"

The creditor was the doctor's father-in-law, through his first wife, and while the good old gentleman lived, if by any mishap or over press of business the quarterly payment had been delayed, it would have been kindly excused. But for the ten or fifteen years that he lived after the sale of the farm, there had not been one delay in payment, though now and then there would come a time when it was very hard work to secure the needed sum in time, for even in the olden days "hard times" were often found prowling about, to the great terror of our hard-working New England farmers. But little by little the heavy debt was diminishing, and they were looking forward, hopefully, to the year of Jubilee, when they could sit under their own vine and fig tree with none to molest and make them afraid.

At this period the father-in-law died. He had but two children—daughters. The younger, the Doctor's wife, died childless. The elder married a hard, close, scheming man, who, knowing that his wife and children would inherit this property, in case the payments were not promptly met, lost no opportunity of remarking that Dr. Mason's farm would doubtless soon come into his hands, as with his large family he must fail by and by.

The financial troubles which the war of 1812 had caused, as all wars are sure to do, were not yet adjusted. Money was scarce and payments very difficult. Ten children now filled the old house with merriment and gladness; but they were to be clothed and educated.

Let us see how successfully they had borne the burden which, since their grandfather's death, was pressing heavily upon their parents.

At the time of which we write, among other crops, rye was extensively raised. It was used for food among the farmers quite as much as wheat, but was also valuable for other purposes. When full-grown, but still in the milk, large quantities were cut to be used for "braiding." The heads were used for "fodder;" the stalks, after being soaked in strong hot soap-suds, were spread on the grass for the sun to whiten. When sufficiently bleached and ready for use, they were cut at each joint, the husk stripped off, and the straw thus prepared tied in pound bundles for sale.

Bonnets, then, meant something more than a small bit of silk or velvet with a flower or feather attached, and the "straw braid" for making them was in great demand. Boys and girls were alike taught to braid, and the long winter evening were not spent idly. Dr. Mason raised large crops of rye, and each child, almost as soon as weaned, was taught to *braid*, and was soon able to do much by it toward clothing himself. At six years of age, a dollar a week was easily earned; at eight, three dollars; and in something of that proportion up to the eldest.

Does anyone think such a life, with such an object in view, was hard or cruel? Never was there a greater mistake. It was of immense value to these young spirits. They had something real, that they could understand, to labor for. There was life and courage and true heroism in it. An education—with here and there, to be sure, some rough places to pass over—which was worth more to them than all the money millionnaires bequeath their sons and daughters—an education which prepared them in after life to be courageous and self-helpful

It is this kind of training that has made New England's sons and daughters strong and self-reliant, and the lack of it which makes these *hard times* such a horror, that we hear of so many who seek death by their own hands as preferable to the struggle for better times.

In the long winter evenings, when the labor of the day was over, the children home from school, and the "chores" all finished, the candles were lighted and the evening work began. The mother in her corner was busy making and mending for her large family. The doctor, if not with the sick, smoked and read opposite her. The children gathered round the long table in the middle of the room where lay the school-books and straw all ready *machined* for braiding, while the old fire-place, heaped with blazing logs of hickory, oak, and fragrant birch, made the room warm and cheerful. Here, with their books fastened open before them to the next day's lessons, the children with nimble fingers plaited the straw and studied their lessons at the same time. For children taught to be industrious usually carry the principles thus developed into the school-room, and are ambitious to keep as near the head of the class as possible.

Such a family as this was well equipped to meet and conquer adversity. For several days Dr. Mason had been unusually grave and silent. All noticed it, but no remarks were made until evening, when he came to supper, so unmistakably worried and despondent that his wife enquired if he was not well.

"Yes, well enough. But, Lucy, I have so far been unable to collect money for our quarterly payment. So much is due me that I had no fears but that enough would be promptly paid to save me any trouble."

"How much is lacking?"

"Not quite a hundred dollars; but it might as well be thousands for any chance I now see of getting it in season. There is now so much sickness about, that, as you know, I have had no rest, and little time to collect money. If not ready before midnight to-morrow we are ruined. I have kept it from you as long as I dared, still hoping that those who ought to pay me would do so."

"Have you told them how very important it is that you have the money?"

"No; I did not wish to speak of it. Mr. H is watching greedily for a 'slip,' and we need expect no mercy at his hands. Under our hard labor and good care this farm has risen greatly in value—too much so for him to spare us an hour, if he can once get hold of it. I am about discouraged. It is the darkest spot we have seen yet. But I must be off and shall probably be kept out all night. To think there is not forty-eight hours between us and ruin! And my hands so tied by several bad cases that I may not find one hour to try and make up the little that is needed.

For a few minutes after the doctor left, the children stood silent and sad, watching their mother. At last she said,

"Children, we can help father through this, and save our home, if you are willing to submit to some little self-denial. No; I should have said to *great* self-denial. Each of you has worked diligently to buy new garments [illegible] would be so happy and proud to see you all neat and comfortable. But to help father, are you willing to let me try to clean, mend, or make over your old clothes, and use what you have earned to help brighten this dark day? The braid you have on hand, and what is now due at the store, is all your own, or to be expended for your own clothes, and if each one of you is not *perfectly willing*, I don't wish you to give it up."

It was a beautiful sight to see those eager faces watching their mother, ready to answer the moment she had finished; for in the olden time children were taught that it was disrespectful to interrupt anyone when speaking, even when, as in this case, it was difficult to keep silent. But the reply when given was prompt, enthusiastic, and what she had confidently looked for.

"Thanks, dear children! Now, then, hasten. First bring me all your braid, and let us see how much it will come to."

The braid, in ten-yard rolls, was brought and its value estimated.

"With that which is now due us at the store we have nearly sixty dollars! Well done, for all these little fingers! But now we must devise a way to make up the remainder. Your father spoke last night of a large quantity of straw which, if cut, would bring in something. He will be away all night. If you work well, we can cut many pounds before midnight. Now, girls, help me wash the dishes, while your brothers bring, before dark, the straw we can cut to-night."

By the time the candles were lighted, all was ready to begin.

The younger children were excused at their usual bedtime, but the others worked with their mother till the tall clock in the corner struck one. Then all retired for a few hours' rest.

Dr. Mason returned home in season for breakfast, and his wife enquired if the eldest son could drive her over to the neighboring town to dispose of some braid for the children. He replied that he must be gone again all day, and neither son nor team could well be spared from important work at home. But a strange thing followed this implied refusal. Mrs. Mason, who never allowed her plans or wishes to interfere with her husband's, now repeated her request, and urged it till he yielded, from sheer surprise apparently, that his wife could be so persistent.

The doctor went his usual round, and the mother and son departed on their mysterious errand. Their business accomplished, they returned well satisfied and ready for supper when the father arrived.

A deeper gloom was on his face when he entered; but no word was spoken till all were seated at the table. Too much absorbed in his troubled thoughts to notice the suppressed excitement plainly visible on every face, or if he noticed, knowing they understood his fears, he did not wonder.

Then, in a slightly agitated voice, his wife enquired:

"Have you been successful in obtaining the money?"

He shook his head, but remained silent. Each young quivering face was turned first toward him, then with earnest, questioning glance to the mother.

"Do not be discouraged, dear, even at this late hour."

"Are you wild, Lucy? There are but six hours between us and ruin. Can you talk of hope now? I have none, none."

With a warning gesture to the children she rose, stepped to her husband's chair and, passing her arm round his neck, said, gently, caressingly:

"Yet still hope on, my husband; God will not forsake us."

He moved impatiently from under her arm; but, as he did so, she dropped a roll into his bosom and turned toward her chair.

"Lucy! Lucy! what is this? Where did you get it?"

All was wild excitement. Each child laughing, sobbing, shouting, but one glance from that strong but gentle mother quelled the confusion, and she replied:

"It is our children's offering, and sufficient to make up the needed sum. I persisted in going away this morning against your wishes, because I saw no other escape. We cut the straw last night—many willing hands made quick work; I sold it, and their braid added to it, with what was already due them, completed the sum."

Those who witnessed that scene will never forget it: Dr. Mason with his arm around his wife, and both in tears, calling her all happy names; the children clinging about their parents, so joyful that home was saved and they had helped to save it.

"Put Charlie into the waggon, quick. If he fails me not, the six miles between here and M—will be the shortest I ever rode. I shall be home before bedtime to thank you all. I cannot now. I hope we shall never come so near ruin again."

And they never did. In two years the last [illegible] Dr. Mason vowed he would never owe anyone a cent. He kept his vow.—*Christian Union.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

Times were dull, and the shop where Richard Flint worked was closed for two months, right in the cold weather, too. This fell harder on some of the other men than on him, for he had a little, a very little hoard laid by for a rainy day, and this would suffice to meet the rent of the two rooms his family occupied, and to keep them in fuel, and to provide plain potatoes and bread for four months, till work began again. But for a bit of meat, or a cup of tea, or any little added luxury whatever, they must depend on chance jobs that Richard might get from day to day—a most uncertain reed to lean upon.

"I am so glad we made out to get good shoes all around in the fall," said Mrs. Flint, as she sat busily sewing on a little coat for Benny, made out of a pair of old pants that had been his father's. "If we can only all keep well, I sha'n't worry one bit."

"No use to worry," said Richard, sighing nevertheless. "There will at least be snow-storms between now and February, and I can get shovelling to do."

"Wish I could shovel too!" exclaimed little Benny; but he was only five years old, with no harder duty before him than to be sunshine in his parents' hearts all through the dark days. There was little fat rosy Jane, a year younger.

By God's blessing they did all keep well, and there was not lacking a quiet cheer in the two humble rooms, while the wife sang at her work, the children played and laughed, and Richard did all he could, coming and going, and frequently earning a couple of shillings or more by some odd job. And the little ones really grew fat and rosy on the hot baked potatoes and the good plain bread. But as the days wore by, Christmas drew near, and the great gay city was all in a flutter of joyous excitement, the stores all up and down the streets were brilliant and enticing, and bright expectant little faces peered in at the beautiful windows. Mrs. Flint saw it all one morning when she was out on some errand, and suddenly realized through all her care that Christmas was coming, and she had two little

child-hearts at home to be gladdened. For the first time the tears rushed to her eyes. "They were so happy last year," she sighed, remembering the loaded stockings and the good hot dinner.

That night when Benny and Janie were asleep she asked Richard if they could spare anything for Christmas. At first he shook his head, and then he said "Maybe."

"Of course we can't touch what we have laid by to live on," he said. "But there are two days to Christmas yet, and if I can earn anything in any way to-morrow, you may have it, wife, for our youngsters."

So the next day he went forth, while his wife waited in hope, taking care of her little ones and telling them stories of summer time and summer doings, for fear they would get to thinking about Christmas.

"For he may not get one cent," she though to herself anxiously. But if he could get even five cents, she would not despair. She had not lingered for nothing by the penny stands on the avenue.

She put the children early to bed, and sat waiting for Richard, while at the same time she ripped up some old boad trimming she had once had on a cloak. He came in at last, with a gloomy face enough, and her heart sank.

"I've stood about all day," he said, "and the only thing I could get to do was to carry a pile of wreaths half a dozen yards, from the pavement into St. Luke's church. And there's twenty-five cents to keep Christmas with!"

He tossed it to her as he spoke. She didn't cry, nor even look gloomy. On the contrary her face grew bright.

"All we want is to make them happy," she said cheerfully, "and I guess we can do that with twenty-five cents!"

"All right, go ahead," he replied, brightening as she brightened. She got up and put on her shawl and hood.

"I'm going shopping," she said, laughing; "only just round in the avenue. You stay here, Richy, and if you want work, ravel out that old stocking leg!"

Then down she sped, and hurried to the street corner where she had seen an old German woman selling little Christmas trees. Very little they were, only about ten inches high, but they were true green cedar, and set in a solid round foundation. And there were two small white wax doves lodged in the twigs. Only five cents for a Christmas tree! She made her selection, had it wrapped up with care, and then stepped into a neighboring grocery where she bought an ear of popcorn and two clay pipes. Three cents more for all that! Then she paused.

"I will just step round to the penny stands in the avenue," she said to herself, and directly she became one of the hurrying throng of eager, happy people, who were all out getting ready for Christmas. At the first stand she bought a little penny doll, a penny cradle, and a penny whistle. Then she went on some distance and paused again at a stand where a girl was selling tiny wax candles, a penny apiece. She bought two, a blue one and red one.

"Thirteen cents gone!" she calculated. That's enough for to-night. I can run out again to-morrow." And she turned homeward, casting keen glances at the store windows as she passed to see what possible bargains might lurk there for her.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Richard, when she came into the room with radiant face, and displayed her treasures. "Of all things, a Christmas tree! You do beat everything, Jane!"

The precious tree was hid safely in the closet, and the toys laid beside it. And then Jane shelled the ear of corn and Richard popped it in the spider. It popped beautifully.

"Now we will string it," said she, and that was done.

"Did you ravel out the stocking leg?" she asked next; and Richard showed her triumphantly the yarn all wound in a tight ball.

"Does it bound?" He threw it to the floor and it bounded.

"Just right for a ball for Benny," said Jane, "and I have a bit of scarlet cloth and a bit of black to cover it with. I must cover this ball, and make a wee bit nightgown for the dolly, and a little spread for the cradle before I go to bed."

"I won't be outdone!" said Richard, going to the little box of kindlings and taking out a piece of pine. "I used to be a master hand at whittling."

So Jane stitched and he whittled. He made a really nice set of jackstraws for Bennie, including a tiny ladder, a little gun, a barrow, a rake, a spear, and a bow, among all the host of straight simple straws.

"Why, that is splendid!" cried his wife.

"Now do make something for Janie."

So he found some more pieces of pine, and cut out a cunning little bedstead, just large enough for Janie's dearly loved doll, Sophy, who was six inches high when she stood up.

"There's that empty salt bag I washed the other day," said Jane. "It would make a nice mattress if I had anything to fill it."

"I'll fill it," said Richard. "Here are some old newspapers, help me strip them up into shreds." That done, they filled the white bag with the soft, springy mass, and there was the mattress complete.

"I'll make pillows to match to-morrow," said Jane, delighted, "and the little sheets, too. Why, it's after ten o'clock! We must hide these things away."

Bennie and Janie did not know next day what their mother sewed upon while she sat with her back towards them. They did know, however, that their father carried some packages for a grocer and got paid in molasses, for that was a great event, and their mother immediately made some ginger cookies. But no one but she and Santa Claus knew that there was a cooky shaped like a horse, and another like a boy, in the pan.

Toward evening she slipped out again, and bought a very small candy cane for Benny, and a candy basket for Janie, one cent each. Also a little horn of sugar plums for each child, two cents more—for a little candy *does* make Christmas sweeter, say what you will. And nuts make Christmas merrier, too, so she bought three cents worth of nuts. Then, last of all, would you believe that a little set of dishes could be bought for five cents? Very small dishes, indeed, and very few, it is true, and not the best of china, but still a set of dishes, and what could make little Janie gladder than that?

Why, it was the very happiest holiday season that Richard and Jane had ever known! They were really excited over it. They shut the wondering children off in one room, while they arranged the tree and the presents on the table in the other. A tree, strings of pop-corn, lighted candles, a dolly in a cradle, jackstraws, a bedstead all furnished, a set of dishes, a red and black ball, a gingerbread man and horse, a whistle, and nuts and candy. And only twenty-five cents spent. Then there were the pipes, they didn't make much show just then; their glory was to come afterward.

At the last moment Richard Flint brought in an armful of green twigs, which had been swept out of the gateway of St. Luke's, when the decorating was done. And he and Jane dressed their own little room with fir and cedar, to welcome blessed Christmas, but they had to do it in a great hurry, for little voices were calling the other side of the door, and little hands were knocking to be let in.

"Come, darlings!" cried the father and mother, opening the door.

And such happy, happy children as they were! Their little child-hearts is happy as any in the land! There were breathless Oh's! of admiration, and shouts of joy, and then delighted appropriation of one thing after another. The ball began to bound, the cradle began to rock, the whistle began to whistle, the dishes were set out, the nuts began to crack, and Oh, it was *such* fun for Bennie, Janie, and father and mother, too!—*Christian Union.*

A CUNNING DOG.

Bob, our mastiff, was always on friendly terms with the cats and kittens of the house, and nothing pleased them better than to crouch up to his warm, curly coat and have a snooze. He always received these attentions from his frisky friends with great kindness and condescension on his part, but I am sorry to say he was guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy towards them and their mother. He would never drive them from a dish, or a dripping-pan, or anything else. Oh, no! but when he happened to see them eating out of either he quietly, but quickly, walked up to the coal heap and picking up as large a lump as he could well hold between his teeth, he would walk gently up to where his friends were feasting, and drop the lump of coal into either basin, dish, or dripping pan, looking quite innocent all the time. Pussies immediately licked their mouths, and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them. One of Bob's duties was to accompany our waggoners on their journeys in taking out our goods (we were manufacturers). This he did not at all approve of, and in order to shirk his duty he at first absconded as soon as he saw any signs of packing and loading of waggons, and would not be found till after he knew that waggons and waggoners were gone and at a safe distance. waggoners were gone and at a safe distance. Pussies immediately licked their mouths, and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them. One of Bob's duties was to accompany our waggoners on their journeys in taking out our goods (we were manufacturers). This he did not at all approve of, and in order to shirk his duty he at first absconded as soon as he saw any signs of packing and loading of waggons, and would not be found till after he knew that waggons and waggoners were gone and at a safe distance. Pussies immediately licked their mouths, and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them. One of Bob's duties was to accompany our waggoners on their journeys in taking out our goods (we were manufacturers). This he did not at all approve of, and in order to shirk his duty he at first absconded as soon as he saw any signs of packing and loading of waggons, and would not be found till after he knew that waggons and waggoners were gone and at a safe distance. But, being of a social disposition, he got tired of secreting himself in solitude, so, in order to escape the toil of travel and to enjoy the pleasures of society he adopted another expedient, for which, I think, he merits the title of being "a very knowing dog." It was this:—His enquiring eyes were always on the watch, and after he had given up absconding, whenever he saw packing and preparation for a journey going on, he became distressingly lame, first with one leg, then with another, but with one or other constantly, frequently lying down as if too lame to stand, much less to walk. But as soon as the waggons were well away Bob's lameness vanished, and he could walk and run as well as ever.—*Leisure Hours.*

IF I BE IN CHRIST—WHAT THEN?

I am safe, whatever this present year may bring; nay, my *night* is far spent, my *day* is at hand. The wilderness is nearly traversed; Canaan and Jerusalem are almost within my view; the summits of the everlasting hills are already appearing. What manner of person, then, ought I to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God? I must press forward; and so much the more as I see the day approaching, I must be consistent and heavenly-minded, so walking worthy of my calling, and setting my affections on things above. For what have I, who have a crown in prospect, a kingdom in reversion, to do with the vanities or pleasures of this poor passing world? My eye is above; my treasure is in heaven; shall not my heart be there also? If I am in Christ, I must seek to be like Him, and to follow Him more and more closely, as the night is hastening to an end, and the day about to break. If I am in sorrow I shall call to mind that weeping endureth but for a night, joy cometh in the morning. If I am in comfort, I must see that this prosperity which God has given me is making me a holier man, and a more self-denying worker for Him who loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood. If I am poor I shall rejoice that my day of wealth is just at hand. If I am rich I shall take this gold which my Lord has given me and lay it all at His beloved feet. Mine must be no half discipleship—no service of two masters—no divided heart. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What remains of this brief life of mine must be given wholly to the Lord.—*H. Bonar, D. D.*

ADVANTAGES OF RELAXATION.

I have been employed these last three hours with John Elliot and other boys in trying how long we could keep up two cricket balls. Lord Minto caught us. He says he must send me on a mission to some very young monarch, for that I shall never have the gravity of an ambassador for a prince turned of twelve. He, however, added the well-known and admirable story of Henry IV. of France, who, when caught on all fours carrying one of his children, by the Spanish envoy, looked up and said, "Is your excellency married?" "I am, and have a family," was the reply. "Well, then," said the monarch, "I am satisfied, and shall take another turn round the room;" and off he galloped, with his little son flogging and shouting "Vive le roi!" Now, I am not recommending boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket ball to negotiating a treaty with the emperor of China. Men who will give themselves entirely to business, and despise (which is their term) trifles, are very able in the general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of that knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend. Of this I am certain. Besides, all habits which give a man light, elastic spirits are good.—*Sir John Malcolm.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

III.

1. The father of Dathan and Abiram.
2. The beloved physician.
3. The surname of a traitor.
4. The name of a miraculous spring.
5. The mount of cursing.
6. Where a herd of swine perished.
7. A valley where a famous event took place.
8. A city of Phrygia to which Paul addressed an epistle.
9. The place where a Syrian captain was defeated.

The *initials* of the answers will give the name of a sojourner in the land of Moab, and the *finals* that of his native town.

IV.

1. An Israelitish leader who conquered the host of Midian.
2. A cunning hunter.
3. A prophet, a native of Eikoah.
4. One whom the Lord refused for his anointed.
5. The wife of Zobedee.
6. The second son of Kohath.
7. The chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth.

The *initials* and *finals* of the answers will give the names of two books of the Bible.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

2 Cor. 9: 7.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON III.

JANUARY 21.] OMRI AND AHAB. [About 926-910 B. C.]

READ 1 Kings xvi. 23-34. RECITE vs. 25, 30, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.—2 Tim. iii. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Wicked men grow worse and worse."

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Kings xvii. 7-17. *T.*—Micah vi. 1-16. *W.*—Deut. vii. 1-11. *Th.*—Ex. xxxiv. 10-17. *F.*—2 Tim. iii. 1-13. *Sa.*—Rev. ii. 20-29. *S.*—Josh'ua. 17-27.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Jeroboam had reigned over "Israel" twenty-two years; Nadab, his son, two years; Baasha, captain of the army, slew Nadab and his house, and reigned as king twenty-four years; his son Elah reigned two years; Zimri, captain of the army, slew Elah and all Baasha's sons, and reigned seven days, and burned himself in his palace when Omri was about to take him prisoner. Omri became King over half of Israel, and Tibni over the other half; Omri, after four years' war, defeated and slew Tibni, and reigned twelve years (including the twenty-four years of civil war); Ahab reigned twenty-two years. While these kings ruled over "Israel" (the ten tribes) at Shechem and Samaria, the following ruled over "Judah" (the two tribes) at Jerusalem; Rehoboam, seventeen years; Abijam (for Abijah), three years; Asa, forty-one years; Jehoshaphat, twenty-five years; the latter king had ruled about four years at the time of the death of Ahab, King of Israel.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Study with care the names and order of the kings of Israel from Jeroboam to Ahab, and also the names and order of the kings ruling over Judah at the same time. This will aid you in gaining a clear idea of this portion of Bible history.

NOTES.—*Asa*, third king of Judah, after the division, son of Abijam and great-grandson of Solomon. He obeyed God, and had a long and prosperous reign of forty-one years.—*Omri*, sixth king of Israel after the division, and founder of the third dynasty; he was captain of the army, defeated Zimri, the murderer of King Elah, and also defeated Tibni, who was made king by part of the people. Omri reigned twelve years, six at Tirzah, "while he was king," probably was a temporary capital before Samaria was built. His modern name is *Tellûsah*, in the mountains, north of Nablus.—*Sa-ma'ri-a*, a city, and capital of Israel after the division; founded by Omri; twice attacked by Syrians; taken by the Assyrians; improved by Herod; the ruins are found at *Sebastiyeh*, a poor village about seven miles north-west of Nablus.—*Ja'had*, wrath king of Israel, son of Omri; married Jezebel; established Baal-worship; was very wicked; died of a wound received in battle, and the dogs licked his blood.—*Jez'e-bel*, a Phœnician princess, daughter of Eth-baal, and wife of Ahab, a wicked woman; slew the prophets of the Lord; supported a large number of priests of Baal and Astarte; caused Naboth's death; was slain and eaten by dogs. 2 Kings ix. 30-37.—*Eth'ba-al*, a Phœnician king of Zidonia; he slew the ruling king, and usurped the throne about fifty years after King Hiram of Tyre.—*Zi-do'ni-ans*, people of Eidon or Sidon a Phœnician town about twenty miles north of Tyre, now called *Saida*, and has about ten thousand population.—*Ba'al*, the great idol-god of the Canaanites and Phœnicians.—*Jer'i-cho* a city near the mouth of the Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) SINS OF OMRI. (II.) SINS OF AHAB.

I. SINS OF OMRI. (23.) **Asa . . . Omri . . . Tirzah.** See *Notes*. (24.) **Samaria,** see *Notes*; **two talents,** probably equal to about $3,500. (25.) **wrought evil . . . worked** at evil; **worse than all,** was not content to follow others, but must exceed them in wickedness. (26.) **the way of Jeroboam,** his evil way (ch. xii. 28); **vanities,** idolatries. (27.) **might that he shewed,** in the wars with Syria (see 1 Kings xxii. 3); **chronicles,** not the "Chronicles" of the Bible, but a work known when this book of Kings was written.

1. **Questions.**—Who succeeded Jeroboam as king? 1 Kings xv. 25. How long did he reign? Who was king after Nadab? How did he gain the throne? ch. xv. 27. How long did he reign? Who was the next king? For how long? How was he slain? How long did Zimri reign? State his chief act. How did he die? v. 18. Name the two persons next chosen kings. Which finally became sole king? What was the character of these kings? Whom did they follow in sin? Which of them outdid Jeroboam in sin? State the central truth of this lesson.

II. SINS OF AHAB. (30.) **did evil . . . above all,** Omri was more wicked than any before him: now Ahab is more wicked than Omri. (31.) **Jezebel,** God had forbidden such marriages. Deut. vii. 3. See *Notes*. (32.) **house of Baal,** temple built for this idol. (33.) **grove,** or *Ashe'rah*, a goddess (*Heb*); hence her image or statue which Ahab set up. (34.) **In his days,** wicked ness became so common that Hiel dared to build Jericho in the face of the prophecy.

II. Questions.—Who became king after Omri? What was his character? Who became his wife? Whose daughter was Jezebel? What temple did Ahab build? What did he place in it? What is a "grove"

What fact shows that the people also became very wicked? How was Joshua's prophecy fulfilled?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The danger of beginning to do evil?

(2.) The power of sinful companions over us?

LESSON IV.

JANUARY 28.] ELIJAH THE TISHBITE. [About 910 B.C.]

READ 1 Kings xvii. 1-16. RECITE vs. 5-7. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—In famine he shall redeem thee from death.—Job v. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"The Lord provides."

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xvii. 1-16. *T.*—Lev. xxvi. 14-30. *W.*—Matt. vi. 25-34. *Th.*—Ps. lxxviii. 15-32. *F.*—Luke iv. 25-32. *Sa.*—Matt. xxv. 31-46. *S.*—Mal. iii. 8-12.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The "man of God," Ahijah, Hanani, and Jehu were prophets of Judah. The first two had given terrible warnings to Jeroboam because of his sins, and the last to Jehu. Elijah is the first and greatest of the prophets in the "kingdom of Israel;" he pronounces the Lord's judgment against Baal-worship by the Israelites.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how God takes special care of his servant; sends him to a safe hiding-place; feeds him there; and at just the right time, sends him to Zarephath to preserve the life of the poor widow, and his own life also.

NOTES.—*Ĕl'-ĭ-jah* (my God Jehovah), a prophet, perhaps born at Tishbi, or Thisbeh; lived in Gilead, east of the Jordan. He prophesies against Ahab; is fed by ravens; by the widow of Zarephath; raises her son to life; calls fire from heaven; destroys the prophets of Baal; brings rain from heaven; flees to Horeb; calls Elisha; again calls fire from heaven; prophesies against Ahab and Jezebel; taken to heaven in a chariot of fire.—*Che'-rith*, a stream "before Jordan," or facing the Jordan. Robinson and Tristram count it the *Wady Kelt*, 60 feet wide and three feet deep, running into Jordan south of Jericho. Some suppose Cherith to be *Wady Fasail*, farther north, or some stream on the east side of the Jordan.—*Ra'-vens*, any bird of the crow tribe; very numerous in Palestine, and now seen in flocks about the *Wady Kelt*, the supposed "brook Cherith."—*Zar'-e-phath*, a town of Phœnicia, seven miles south of Sidon; the Sarepta of Luke (iv. 26); now in ruins.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) ELIJAH'S PROPHECY. (II.) ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS. (III.) ELIJAH FED BY THE POOR WIDOW.

I. ELIJAH'S PROPHECY. (1.) **Elijah**, see Notes; **Tishbite**, born or living in Tishbi; **Gilead**, a wild, mountainous country east of Jordan; **before whom I stand**, a solemn form of speaking, as if under oath in court; **dew nor rain**, this punishment had been threatened for idolatry. See Deut. xi. 17; xxviii 23.

I. Questions.—State the name of the prophet mentioned? Meaning of his name? Where did he live? Why called Tishbite? What kind of a country was Gilead? To whom did Elijah prophesy? State his message.

II. ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS. (3.) **east-ward**, from Samaria; **Cherith**, see Notes. (4.) **ravens**, these birds abound there still. (6.) **bread and flesh**, so Israel was fed in the wilderness. See Ex. xvi. 12-15. (7.) **after a while**. *Heb.*, "at the end of days," probably a year or more; **brook dried**, as small streams now in summer.

II. Questions.—Whither was the prophet directed to go? By whom? Where was this brook? Of what was he to drink? How was he to be fed? By whose command? How was it fulfilled? v. 6. What happened to the brook? Where? Why did it dry up?

III. ELIJAH FED BY THE POOR WIDOW (9.) **Zare-phath**, see Notes; **sustain thee**, the brook fails, but the Lord provides for Elijah and the widow also. (10.) **gate of the city**, it must have been a walled town with gates for entrance as at Jerusalem now; **fetch me . . . water**, which was very scarce from the long drought. (11.) **morsel**, a piece, mouthful. (12.) **a cake**, this cake baked on hot stones or in the ashes; **barrel**, pail or small vessel (*Keli*); **cruse**, flask or little pitcher; **dress it**, prepare and bake it; **eat it and die**, the famine must have been very severe in Phœnicia. (13.) **little cake first**, said, not from a selfish spirit of the prophet, but to try the woman's faith. (14.) **God of Israel**, the widow was not an Israelite, but a Phœnician, and perhaps a worshipper of Baal. "Baal-worshippers would admit Jehovah to be a God." v. 12. (*Cook.*) (15.) **many days**, or "a full year." (16.) **wasted not**, the promise faithfully fulfilled.

III. Questions.—When the brook dried up, where did Elijah go? By whose command? How far was Zarephath from Cherith? (Probably about 140 miles.) To whom was he sent? Where did he find her? What doing? How did he greet her? What more did he ask than water? How did the woman answer? What did Elijah propose? Why ask for his cake *first*? How did he encourage her faith? On whose promise? With what effect upon the woman? How far was it fulfilled?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That God will punish those who neglect to worship?

(2.) That he can provide food for his servants?

(3.) That he can bring unexpected help to the poor?

IN REMEMBRANCE.

Very often we receive letters in connection with our business department which we might reproduce in our columns, but the very limited space renders this impossible. But the following beautiful letter from the bereaved parents of one of our young friends, who has finished her duties on this earth, we cannot but insert:

"Your circular accompanying the MESSENGER reminds us of a proposition made by our little daughter one year ago. She asked and obtained consent to raise a club, and succeeded in getting fourteen. It was a sunshiny day in her little history when it made its first appearance, and she delighted in reading her own number, and addressing and carrying the others to their destination. But in the last days of last June she sickened, and on the fifth of July passed from our embraces to live with God and His angels. We have taken a sorrowful pleasure in trying to carry out her little engagement to the end of the year. But as we have no one to take her place yet, and as each successive arrival is a kind of mocking reminder of our loneliness, we shall not try to renew the club.

"Yours in love and sorrow,

"J. D. BELL,

"Gananoque."

THE PRIZES.

An increased interest is being shown in regard to the prizes, and many letters are arriving, containing on them "In competition." We would not object to receive very many more, and would like every boy and girl who reads the MESSENGER to try for the skates, if for nothing more. To give every one a full opportunity to win the skates, we have extended the time of competition for them till the close of the winter, so that if they are not obtained in time for use this winter, they will be all ready for the next one. In regard to the skates themselves, they are generally giving every [illegible] but we will again give one or two. From Bridgewater we hear: "I received the skates to-night by mail, and am much pleased with them; they are just what I wanted." A postal-card, sent from Watford, contains the message: "I have received the skates you were so kind as to send me; they are a splendid pair, and fit nicely. Many thanks to you. The samples you sent have also come to hand. I will do what I can, and think you will soon hear from me again." We would like to hear from our young friend at Watford, and our many young friends everywhere, whenever they have anything of importance to write.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

A few weeks ago it appeared as if there were not much probability of the MESSENGER increasing its circulation this year, but now every day's record shows that the spirit which increased its circulation from 15,000 to 50,000 in less than two years has not died out. Our boys and girls have set themselves to work again, and when they make up their minds to do anything it will be done. In every house where the MESSENGER is read, there must be some girl or boy who will get just one more subscriber for their paper. One each would make 50,000, when they were all added together, or ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND subscribers for the MESSENGER. That would be a number worth talking about, but would simply illustrate the power when everybody does a little. We are wondering how things will turn out this year, but very well know that the result will be just what the MESSENGER's friends decide. The improvements already in paper and engravings, are due to the rapid growth of the past. We have in this number introduced better paper, and as soon as possible, the type will be renewed, the effect of which will be very pleasing. If readers will do more for us, we will do more for them. The MESSENGER is the cheapest paper to be got anywhere. We want to make it also the prettiest.

THE CALENDAR.

The DOMINION CALENDAR, a copy of which will be sent to every subscriber of the MESSENGER or other WITNESS publications, will be ready for next number of this paper. Besides other matter referred to in the announcement of last number, it will contain a list of the International series of lessons for the year. The following paragraph gives some idea of the amount of information, which will be contained in a very small space.

1. January 7.—The Kingdom Divided, 1 Kings, xii, 12-20. Recite 16, 17. Golden Text, 1 Kings xii., 8. Central truth: Bad counsels bring division. Time, B.C., 975; 200 years before the Olympiads, the beginning of Grecian history; 222 years before the founding of Rome. Place; Shechem, in Ephraim. Circumstances: The kingdom of Israel at the height of its prosperity and glory.—a united and wide extended realm from the Mediterranean sea to the Assyrian Desert, and even to the Euphrates."

This brief *resume* of the lessons, it is hoped, will add much to the value of the calendar, and add to the interest which may attach to it because of its unique appearance.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE *MESSENGER*.

The following are extracts from letters:—

From Temperanceville, O:—All the subscribers that I got last year like it splendid, and speak well of it, and I don't see how anybody could help liking it.

From Pittsburg:—We cannot keep house without it. It is the greatest treat that I can bring from town.

From Hinkly, Ohio, U.S.:—We regard the WITNESS and the MESSENGER as household blessings.

From Waldron, Platt County, Mo., U.S.:—Those who have read the MESSENGER like it well.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS' COCOA.—Some time since, in a series of articles in these columns upon food, we spoke in terms of unqualified praise of Messrs. Epps's Cocoa, which we then expressed as to its purity and nutritious qualities has been fully endorsed by the public, as shown in its increased and steadily increasing consumption. We believe that Messrs. Epps' manufactories are now the largest of the kind in the three kingdoms, and the total quantity of "Prepared Cocoa" consumed at the present time approaches four millions of pounds annually. This result is not surprising. The dietetic properties of native cocoa are well-known, but in the form prepared by Messrs. Epps, Homœopathic Chemists, they are rendered additionally valuable, both on account of their increased nutritive power and digestible character. We rejoice to see the high opinion we originally held to have been so generally confirmed, and we again congratulate Messrs. Epps on the sound and valuable addition they have made to our not over long list of dietetic foods.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

M. BROWN-SEQUARD experimented upon the stiffened arm of an executed criminal, by injecting warm blood into it: the muscles regained their contractility and the nerves their irritability. As the cutting off the blood is paralysis of nerve element, so a deficiency of blood is a cause of degeneration of nerve element. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will cause the formation of healthy blood, and consequently increase nervous power, induce vital activity in debilitated constitutions, and tone all the organs dependent for health on muscular or nervous strength.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS

IS A

PAPER FOR THE TIMES AND PEOPLE.

It is full of

News,
General Information,
Commercial Information.
Articles for the
Fireside,
The Kitchen,
The Children.

It contains nearly every week

FULL REPORTS OF SERMONS

by the most prominent Canadian and Foreign ministers.

Price $1.10 a year.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

THE NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

THIS, THE

OLDEST CANADIAN MAGAZINE

is now well supported by a large corps of contributors, and being well illustrated and neatly printed, has become

A GENERAL FAVORITE.

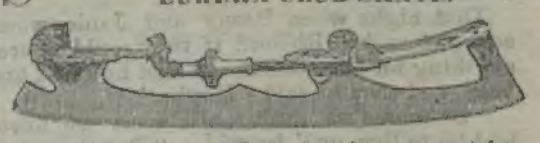
It contains ninety-six pages each number, or eleven hundred and fifty pages a year.

Price $1.50 a year.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEE THE
EUREKA CLUB SKATE.



It is put on and taken off the foot in a moment by a *simple* turn of the round nut shown in above drawing. The clamps at both heel and toe are fastened by the one simple movement, and so perfect is the plan, that the fastenings adjust themselves to any size or shaped boot. There is no need of boys and girls having cold fingers, cramped feet, or loose skates, so long as they can get a pair of "Eureka Club Skates," which may be had by sending $10 in new subscriptions for the WITNESS publications to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

Samples and List sent on application.

THE NEW YORK
WEEKLY WITNESS.

NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS.
NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS.
NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS.
NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS.

The Best Family Newspaper.
The Best Family Newspaper.
The Best Family Newspaper.
The Best Family Newspaper.

$1.50 A YEAR, OR 40c A QUARTER,
(POSTPAID).

Has a larger circulation than any weekly newspaper in the country.

Is a large, eight-page, live paper, containing much of the valuable reading matter and market reports of the Daily, and is, without exception, the best Newspaper in the United States for Merchants, for Farmers, for Families, for Clergymen, and for Sabbath-school Teachers.

Country Merchants and extensive Farmers are finding the advantage of having a reliable report of how things are going at the great centre of business, and a New York newspaper is becoming more and more not only a luxury but a necessity.

PLATFORM.—In religion the WITNESS will take the same ground with the Evangelical Alliance and Tract Society; in Temperance, with the National Temperance Society; in Human Rights, irrespective of color, with the [illegible] regarded only from a Christian standpoint, and no Advertisements of an injurious kind can be inserted at any price.

The paper stops when the subscription expires, unless previously renewed.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY WITNESS.....$5.00 per annum, (postpaid).
WEEKLY WITNESS.....$1.50 per annum, (postpaid).

JOHN DOUGALL,
No. 2 Spruce st., N.Y.

THE NEW YORK
DAILY WITNESS,

Office: Nos. 2 and 4 Spruce st.,
(TRACT HOUSE), - - NEW YORK.

JOHN DOUGALL, Editor and Proprietor.

$3.00 A YEAR, OR $1.25 A QUARTER,
POSTPAID.

Issued every morning (Sabbath excepted). Contains all the LATEST NEWS, Original Articles, Communications, Editorials, daily report of Fulton street Prayer Meeting, notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, Letters from the Children, Copious Extracts from the editorials of the New York morning papers on the most important topics of the day, Sunday-school Lessons, occasional Sermons by celebrated divines, Serial Stories, &c., &c. Our daily reports of the PRODUCE MARKETS—Grain, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Poultry, Fruit, Vegetables, &c.,—and of CATTLE MARKETS (twice a week), are unsurpassed by any published in New York for correct quotations and a concise statement of the aspects of trade and commerce. Our FINANCIAL REPORTS are also full and reliable, and wholly uninfluenced by "bulls" or "bears."

MESSENGER CLUB.

The Club Rates for the MESSENGER are, when sent to one address—

1 copy	$ 0.30
10 copies	2.50
25 copies	6.00
50 copies	11.50
100 copies	22.00
1,000 copies	200.00

J. DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 218 and 220 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.